

Stranger Twins by tobylove (orphan_account)

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Summary:

Two losers that feel eons apart are actually a lot closer than they think.

1. Outstanding Delinquents

Author's Note:

the toby it + st crossover literally nobody asked for, but whenever my mentally ill ass gets sad i get on this site (which is a lot)
i got this idea from moxielovesshipping thanks boo
<3 this one's for the ladies B-)

Summary for the Chapter:

Who knew that Richie's stupid antics would actually work out for the better.

Notes for the Chapter:

it deleted half of my fucking chapter so i had to rewrite it, i'm so sorry if it's bad//

I should've have known that something was off--I mean, I always felt like my parents were hiding something from me or that they liked McKenzie more or something. But the way that things turned out for me and Stan on that Wednesday night were way more fucking wild than I was thinking they'd be.

So picture this: It was around 12:30, and the rest of our friends were asleep, maybe except for Bill, right? But Bill was an outstanding citizen; he didn't like to join me on my lil' reindeer games. But Stan? He *loved* to. Or at least I always liked to think he did, even though he would huff and puff and give me steam. But whenever we did go out, he would smile and we would cheer each other on and we would actually have fun.

So, I called him up. The first thing he told me was: "I'm not fucking going. You're not going to get *me* arrested", but then he texted me ten minutes later and told me he was waiting for me outside. I grinned and threw on my clothes and ran down the stairs, not even caring if my parents heard me leaving. It's not like they'd give a shit, anyway.

Normally whenever we would go on joyrides, everybody in the entire town, it would seem, would be asleep in since it was so late. But, in since we both had such shit luck, tonight would *not* be one of those nights. We tried to find a quiet neighborhood and we aspired to see how many people we could wake up. Inconsiderate? Yes. Unhealthy? Yes. Would Eddie be pissed--at both of us? Especially me? Yes.

But Stan and I had a bunch of shit going on in our lives that we just wanted to forget, if even only for a little while.

And goddamn was this *fun*.

"I'll let you do the honors tonight, my guy," I grinned, and I put a metal baseball bat in Stan's arms. His eyes widened and a slight grin tugged on the corners of his mouth--but then he put back on his perfect Deadpan Stan frown and shoved the bat back into my hands.

"How about a fuck no?" he countered. "I'm driving. Like normal. If the cops show up, I'm blaming it all on you."

I snickered. "But you'd still be an accomplice and we'll both get in trouble! Doesn't a night in jail with ya boi sound *just absolutely amazing*?"

"Sounds like *paradise*," Stan said, and I *almost* missed the sarcasm.

We had found a perfect quiet neighborhood to have fun in that night. Pretty much the entire block was blacked out except for a few lingering room lights on here and there. Stan called them "midnight lanterns". Eddie called them "witnesses". I called them "not a big deal because they're not gonna kill my vibe!". But, man. It's the little things ya gotta watch out for.

"Don't fucking set anything on fire tonight, Rich," Stan requested, sounding half-serious. "If you do, I'm going to rat you out to Eddie and tell him that you suckered me into doing illegal things. Again."

"It's good, Stan!" I grinned. "Smokey the Bear taught me better than that." He shook his head and reminded me that no, no he *didn't*. I couldn't even be mad. But I still really didn't want him to tell Eddie.

The night was progressing pretty standard, pretty well. We drove up and down the street a couple of times, trying to see how fast we could go without crashing, which always revved us up. I used to actually be pretty scared of this--thinking we were gonna overbalance in my shitty little truck and flip over and that Stan was an angel of death. But I would see how gussied up he would get over it, and it made me like it, too. Same way that Stan felt about vandalizing shit, I know. Both of us were too prideful to admit it out loud. But best friends picked up on every fucking thing.

But of course, the night never really ever started until I pulled out the bat and started smashing shit. Which was my favorite part. And my favorite thing to smash were mailboxes. They were fun, they were easy, and they were *right there*. And if somebody came outside, it was an easy getaway. It was a piece of cake.

You're probably reading this right now and thinking: *alright asshole, piece of cake, okay, but you still got caught, or you and your friend are just two idiots with shitty impulse control*. And yeah, okay, you're right. That's fair, whatever, yadda yadda. But just know that *normally*, this is a piece of cake.

So Stan was driving; we're flying down the street and I'm hanging out of the passenger's window with the bat and we're cheering and screaming with laughter, and I always got reminded on how good Stan looked with a smile on his face. "*I love you, Richie!*" he yelled, and I laughed and screamed and ruffled his hair, and he laughed. We heard the *clink* of metal on metal, and sometimes, maybe the mailbox would even come clean off. Me and Bev and Stan weren't like Bill or Mike or Ben, sadly--we weren't outstanding citizens by any means.

Stan and I were Ronnie and Clyde.

Outstanding delinquents.

After we got done denting and vandalizing enough mailboxes on that side of the street, we circled back around so we could hit up the other side of the street. Which man, wasn't a good idea.

No shit, jackass, you say. The entire thing wasn't a good idea. Which

again, is fair. But you should be happy, because we got what we deserved in the end.

So before we start driving again and I can even get the bat, Stan starts chanting "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Which sounded *a lot more* fun than smashing mailboxes did. I *love* fire. It was so destructive and dangerous and fatal and *pretty*. So he didn't have to tell me twice. I grinned, pulled out a match, lit it, and waved it out the passenger's window, and the danger and peer stupidity of it got us off well enough.

Until it became a little too stupid. The wind was terrible that night; we were expecting storms for the rest of the week, and the gust of the wind paired with how fast we were driving blew the match right out of my hands. It fell onto some poor family's driveway and--Stan and I's luck is just really this shitty; I can *not* make this up. And so the wind blew the fire from the driveway to the grass to (ironically) the mailbox. We were thinking that the gust was going to fizzle the little fire out, but nah. That would be too easy.

The entire fucking mailbox went ablaze. I could see the W from the family's name dripping off the side in droopy black streaks.

Stan put his foot on the brakes, the tires screeched loudly, and we both jerked forward hard. I was in shock, looking at this burning ass mailbox, this burning fire. It was beautiful and calling me and beckoning me and it danced around the wood and the metal and was wanting me to come dance with it, too. I heard Stan in the background, faintly, muttering *shit shit shit*, knowing that if somebody were to come outside, *right at this moment*, that they could press charges on us right now and we would *actually* be going to jail. No Pass Go, No Collect \$200.

But I was too caught up in it. The fire.

And *then* too caught up about what happened afterwards to care.

So then one of those midnight lanterns came on, one we didn't see before, or didn't pay much attention to; one coming *right from the house with the burning mailbox*. Everything in me just wanted to scream for us to drive, drive, drive, but we were both glued in place,

by both the midnight lantern and the *fire*. We were both paralyzed, knowing we were fucked, but it was like looking at a wreck or something that was gross as shit. You can't look away; you're drawn to it. Tonight, it was fight flight *freeze*.

As soon as Stan put his foot on the gas again, the door to the house opened. And... Again. I *can't* make this shit up. I really wish I could.

The guy sounded *exactly like me*.

I heard him say "aw, what the *hell*" as he jogged over to the end of the driveway to the mailbox, very close to my truck. He was even built like me; I could see even through his shirt and pajama bottoms that he was tall and skinny and gangly. Then he said "*ah, shit*" as he assessed the damage, knowing that his folks were very likely to be pissed. Stan took this time to look at me, and the fear looked like it had left his face--now, he just looked confused, slightly spooked, and even a little amused. So he had noticed it too, huh?

I let out a little bit of a chuckle despite myself (my kink is nervous laughter), and Stan looked like he was even going to smile, too... until the guy had bent over and knocked on the driver's window, and we both jumped. He was motioning for us to roll the window down.

I shook my head no just for shits and giggles. But Stan rolled it down, almost as if he were acting on instinct. The guy rested his arms on the opening of the window and he let out a sigh.

"What the hell did you guys do to our mailbox?" He asked. "Why are you--"

He stopped mid-sentence. He locked eyes with me. I locked eyes with him. He looked like he had just seen a ghost. Stan whipped his head back to look at me, and *he* looked like he was going to pass the fuck out.

See, if I didn't have a good sense of humor, I would've wanted to pass out, too. But this was just too peculiar, too obscure, too tastefully coincidental for me to not think it was *fucking amazing*. I started to laugh, *really* laugh--the corners of my eyes crinkling and the laugh lines around my mouth apparent and everything. Stan gave me one

little chuckle, one of disbelief.

The other guy didn't give me anything at all, other than a slight shake of his head. Honestly, it looked like he didn't even remember what he came outside for. If I were him, I wouldn't either. But come on! Seriously? How did nobody else think that it was funny? What were the fucking odds?

What are the odds of the guy *looking* exactly like me, too?

Because he *did*.

Notes for the Chapter:

Richie: wow who is that DEVILISHLY HANDSOME
guy??? he reminds me of another DEVILISHLY
HANDSOME guy i know

2. Zooinks, Scoob

Summary for the Chapter:

Like... sorry about your mailbox, man.

Notes for the Chapter:

okay so like instead of studying for my final tomorrow i'm writing this. my prioritization skills are STELLAR my guy

I should've *known* that something was off. I mean... I've always felt like my parents were hiding something from me, or that they liked Nancy more or something. Maybe so. I had seen and been through some pretty weird stuff, but that Wednesday night... was one of the more stranger things.

It was a normal weekday. Well, *started out* as one. Lucas, Dustin, Will and I rode our bikes to school, we fucked off in class (I mean, but we're all good kids, I think), and I walked Eleven to class, as normal. We did our normal routine: I signed "see ya later, alligator" to her, and she signed back "after awhile, crocodile", and it was an unspoken agreement that I'd be there to walk her to her next class, and she gave me a hug.

Then, we all rode back together after school, with Eleven riding double on my bike, and we tried to hurry to beat the rain. I dropped Eleven off at Hopper's, said bye to the boys, I went home, did homework, ate, showered, went to bed.

Normal stuff.

But then I woke up to the sounds of screaming and laughing. Whoever was outside must've not known that it was too late to be fucking around. Maybe they were hurting themselves, too, because you would hear laughter followed by a *clink clink clink*. Loud as fuck sounds. It pissed me off, which caused an effect of *other* things pissing me off: the fact that I had accidentally left my light on, I could hear Nancy on the phone, and my dad snoring... even way earlier when I

had told that joke and nobody but Will laughed. But whatever. I got out of bed and made my way into the living room. Nancy was sitting at the bottom of the stairs.

"Hey jackass, I can hear you on the phone from all the way in my room," I hissed. She flipped me off.

No, that wasn't good enough. I wanted an auditory response. So I said: "is that your *boyfriend*?"

She rolled her eyes, but it seemed half-hearted. "Johnathan's *not* my boyfriend," she said. "You know that. I only called him because whoever's outside woke me up... and it scared me."

I nodded. That was fair. I mean, these mystery people (because it sounded like more than one guy) had woken me up too, but had given me and Nancy two completely different reactions to their noise level.

"I'm gonna go see who it is," I said nonchalantly, and at first Nancy seemed chill, too... but then she called back after me.

"Mike! Be careful."

"Aren't I always?" I whispered back at her with a small wink, and she rolled her eyes with a grin.

"Tell John I said hi," I said, and I heard her mutter a "*whatever*" before I opened the door and went outside.

Which then brought me to staring at this guy and his friend in this beat-down pick-up truck outside my house and... ah, *whatever*. I just read what's-his-face's chapter and saw that he was talking directly to you, so I guess it doesn't matter if I do it, too. So, now that we're up to speed... I looked at these two crazy people and saw that this guy looked *exactly like me* and I wanted to stare straight into the fucking camera like I was in *The Office* or something.

He was laughing, like he said, but like... there was nothing funny

about this. It was fucking spooky! I thought that I was still asleep; it had to be the only explanation for something as weird as what I was seeing. Or maybe he was like, me, from the Upside Down. Which was not comforting *at all* and terrified me *even more*.

I looked from his friend to his hyena-laughing ass to his friend again for a solid ten seconds before I found words again. And I get it--they were lame. But they were all I could do at the time. I asked: "Who *are* you?"

"I'm you, but stronger," he said, his face completely stone, but it looked like he was trying really hard not to laugh. "I'm you from the future. Don't leave your light on all night anymore. The bill was high as hell this month. Mom was pissed. And just--"

His friend, who had a completely stoic disposition the entire time up until this point (well, other than the shock of seeing a guy that looked exactly like his friend), finally cracked. He furrowed his eyebrows and ran his hands through his hair and said "*Jesus fucking Christ Richie take this seriously!*"

Richie, who I learned what's-his-face was named, threw his hands up in defense but got his last few giggles out. "Jeez Louise Stan, *sorry*," he said, trying to sound offended, but he didn't sound too offended... or too sorry, either.

I let out a small, even sigh. "Okay. Do you guys want to come in or something? There's a lot to talk about. Like the mailbox. But like... not just the mailbox... look. Just come in, please. It's a *lot*."

So we had all went into my room. I was glad that Nancy had went back upstairs to bed, because all of *this* would've been too weird to try to explain.

They had tried to sit on the floor, but I had looked at them like they had lost their minds, and they gave me confused twin expressions.

"I'm not gonna make you guys sit on the floor," I said softly, blushing. The friend, Stan, blushed harder.

"Well thanks for the hospitality, I guess," he muttered, sounding embarrassed. "Even though we legit vandalized your property, you're still being super nice to us, and even invited us into your home."

I smiled at him, and his face flushed almost as red as my shirt. I could feel the heat coming off his face, and it made me laugh. Stan was cool. He seemed like the more reasonable one out of him and Richie (read: he was *definitely* the more reasonable one).

Instead of having humility, Richie smirked and plopped himself on my bed, between Stan and I, and threw his arms around the both of us. "Well, you guys know how they say," he said, "Don't fuck until you guys go out for dinner first. And at least don't do it in here!"

"It's my room; we could do it in here if we wanted," I mumbled, but it all stringed together and sounded like one big word: *itsmyroomwecoulddoitinhereifwewanted*. Stan didn't catch on to what I said--thankfully, because that would've been embarrassing. But Richie looked at me and gave me his Cheshire grin and a wink.

"Well all I gotta say is zoinks, Scoob," Richie went on, "like, sorry about your mailbox, man. All we wanted to do was have a good chuck or two." But when he said all of this, he put on this voice and sounded *exactly* like Shaggy from Scooby Doo. Extremely impressive, but very unexpected and extremely uncanny.

He was *so fucking weird*.

Which annoyed me, because weird is my style.

But then I got confused on his lingo and I shook my head with furrowed brows. "What the hell are chucks?" I asked, looking at Stan. I knew that *he* would give me a serious answer.

"It's short for 'chuckles'," Stan told me. "He says it to everybody. Like, 'you really need to have more chucks, Stan'. Or, to his boyfriend: 'Ya have any good chucks today, Eds?' It's fucking stupid." Then, he added, "I *have* enough chucks."

Richie burst out into laughter. "You most certainly do not!" he yelled, *this time* putting on the voice of a suburban soccer mom.

"I'm sure you do," I said to Stan, smiling at him again... and he blushed hard again and downcast his eyes.

"And speaking of chucks, have you had any good ones lately...?"

"Mike," I answered.

"Mike! We gotta friend named Mike. You had any good chucks lately, Twinkie?"

I furrowed my eyebrows again, suddenly realizing just how silly and surreal this entire scenario was, and it made me angry all over again. "No. As a matter of fact, I haven't," I started. "At least not today. I *tried* to have one today, but my friends must not fucking think I'm funny. And I'm *definitely* not having any now. You wanna know why? Because right here, in front of me, is the loud ass pyromanic--that's gonna wake up my parents, might I add--and his really nice accomplice that *burned my fucking mailbox!*"

"Pyromaniac?" Richie echoed back, amused.

"*You think I'm nice?*" Stan asked, and blinked twice.

I huffed, and put my head in my hands. Richie gave me another chuckle and tapped me lightly on the shoulder.

"With all that yelling, *you're* gonna be the one that wakes up your parents, my guy," he teased. I wanted to tell him to piss off, but it was too late in the night to be fooling with him any longer, so I cut my eyes at him hard enough that I hope he got the message.

"I'll chip in as much as I can to replace it," Stan muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. Richie gave him a bemused face and threw his hands up, in a sort of *what the fuck* gesture. Stan smacked him in the shoulder and cut his eyes at him until he sighed and smiled.

"*Okayyyyy, whatever,*" he said, as if Stan was forcing him to say it and it was the hardest thing in the world. "I'll help too. In since Stan is such a good wittle boy. And it *was* my idea to do all this, after all."

I smiled lightly. "You're not bad, Richie. When you're not being a bastard."

"And thou art fair, Micheal, when thou arn't being a *nerd*," Richie grinned, titling his nose up in the air.

"Pretty sure that's not even correct Renaissance vernacular," I told him, and we all burst out into laughter, and it felt good to finally dispel all of the tension. In order to keep up with them and to have updates on fixing the mailbox, I traded numbers with them (and that's the only reason why; I don't see why else I would. Definitely not because I wanted to befriend them or learn more about all of this or whatever). I had their numbers, and they had mine, and at the time I was hoping it was even a good idea.

Thankfully, it turned out to be one.

Notes for the Chapter:

Richie: hahahaha so you guys got any food around here?

Mike: get OUT of my house

3. Wit and Charm

Summary for the Chapter:

The boys' lives start to get more and more intertwined.

Notes for the Chapter:

the semester is finally over and i get to hang out w
my best friend in the morning i'm love her,,,,,,
hurrah hurrah and happy hanukkah (v u v♣) / *

also just for ref: all of mike and richie's stupid margin
notes in each other's chapters will be bolded!

And so then was beginning of this tale. Backstory is great and all, but I guess you could say that the actual story doesn't really start until that Thursday, the day after.

So Stan and I went home to our separate houses, and got a wink of sleep each. Shitty that we still had to turn right back around and go to school in a few hours. But hey. Whose fault was that, really? I raise my hand in the air. *But to my defense*, Stan could've definitely told me no. We're just two dudes that love avoiding responsibility (and the law) because we like to have fun. Really, we're both to blame here.

But I digress. School on Thursday was very interesting in the regard that I wanted to run my big ass mouth to all of my friends. *But isn't that what you do all the time?* My Inner Stanley™ says, and yeah--that's fair, too. They don't call me Trashmouth for a reason, ya know. Running my mouth all the time was one of my biggest gifts and my biggest curses. People loved my sharp wit and A+ humor--but a lot of the time, it fucked me over.

Mike Note: okay I'm sorry but do you guys notice how he says "I digress"... But then turns around and goes on another tangent? And "A+ humor. ????" Okay Tozier lmao

"You know if you tell them how we even met the dude then you're

fucked, right?" Stan asked, and at first I smirked and squinted my eyes and threw my arm over his shoulder because I was confused.

But then I popped myself in the head like I needed a v8. "Oh, because we weren't even supposed to be out there in the first place," I mused. "And Bill is gona be disappointed, and Eddie is gonna be *pissed*..."

Stan and I glanced at each other. "And your ass is grass," we said in unison.

Okay. 'your ass is grass'? That's *actually* kinda funny and cute. Lucas says it sometimes!

But we decided to throw all caution to the wind and tell them anyway! This was just one of those things that you *couldn't* keep to yourself. So, while we were sitting at our normal table during lunch (I'm surprised I even lasted *that long* without exploding [**me too**]), I dropped the bomb on everybody.

"So the craziest thing happened to Stan and I last night," I started, cutting my eyes at everybody mischievously.

"This morning," Stan corrected, and I waved my hand at him with a grin. The specs weren't super duper important.

"You guys got arrested, but got released just in time to make it to homeroom in time?" Bev joked, and I knew that she was half-joking and wanted her story to be at least a little bit true. Because she liked to have fun, too. She was a Badass Chick™.

I snickered, and Stan gave her a half-hearted eye roll... but **beautiful** Eddie looked like he was going to have a panic attack. My poor Spaghetti. I really should be a little more sweeter on him; stay out of trouble.

Look dude if you're not going to be sweeter on him anytime soon then.... you know//

"Oh boy," Ben said, giving us another eye roll. "What is it now, Tozier?"

I slammed my hands on the table, my eyes filled with a devilish glint.

"Okay, so the run-down is: Stan and I went joyriding like way early this morning and long story short, the guy whose mailbox we burnt to a crisp looks exactly like me. Like, he could be my twin. It's crazy."

Everybody blinked.

"I have proof," I added.

Mike (not the impersonator--the real OG ????) shook his head with a smile. "Wait, wait, wait. Can we go back to the part where you guys *burned down a mailbox?*"

"Correction," Stan said, and he laughed slightly. "It's *toasted*, alright. Still standing, though! But *Richie* did all of that. I was just his very unfortunate accomplice."

"You're *always* that, love," Mike countered, and Stan laughed again.

I looked over to Bill and Eddie, from Eddie to Bill, trying to gauge their reactions. But they both had on the same blank, almost confused, expressions. Eddie even looked like he was about to laugh. Suddenly, Bill frowned.

"Richie... Stan... You guys can't keep on doing that, you know," he said slowly, no rush, so he wouldn't stutter. It was one of the things his speech therapist taught him, he told us. "One of these days, you're really going to get in trouble." Eddie sat on Bill's right side, and whenever Bill started to tell us this, his floofy little brown bangs bobbed up and down from him nodding his head. **when there's something strange in your neighborhood** "And *then* who are you guys going to call?"

"*Ghostbusters!*" Stan and I both blurted out.

We both began to laugh, and so did Bev, Mike, and Ben. But then Eddie looked at me, his eyes steel-cut like oatmeal... and I shut the fuck up. I scooted a little closer to him and Bill, and he tried to scoot his chair away from mine, but to no avail.

"You're taking this a lot better than I thought you were gonna take it," I said to him. "Ya see! That's why I love you, Freckles."

"Oh no," Eddie laughed. "Oh, no. Do not get it confused for a *second*, Richard. I'm really mad at you for always doing this illegal stuff. *Pissed*, even. I'm a small ball of anxiety and fury and you'll *never* hear the end of it." **Ah he's so cute!!!**

"*I wuv you!*" I exclaimed, and I gave him a peck on the cheek. He sighed, crossing his arms--but I felt his cheeks flush against my lips.

"I love you, too," he muttered.

"Well, I guess we can't be *too* upset," Bill started, giving a sheepish smile--he always tried to see the positive in things. "You guys didn't get in trouble, and burning down a mailbox is pretty hardcore. *And* meeting a guy that looks exactly like you sounds badass. *And really* creepy."

"Fucking *spooky*, my guy!" I exclaimed. "I gotta get to the bottom of it. Maybe he's like, actually my twin or something." And at the time, I didn't think anything of it; I was just being silly. I'm not religious, not even that spiritual or whatever... but I guess you could say it was fate or something. Intuition. **Intuititwin. Twintuition**

"Dig it," I said, my grin not leaving my face. I pulled out my phone, pulling up Instagram and going to my follower list--he had followed me this morning and I had followed him back. He had even followed Stan--and I couldn't wipe that stupid smile of his face for the rest of the day, any time I brought it up.

As everyone passed my phone around in dumbfounded awe, even Bill... I couldn't help but to wonder one thing. Nothing bad--it just made me laugh. How did he even find my Instagram in the first place? Like, everybody calls me Trashmouth, yeah, but I didn't even think that him and his friends went to the same high school as us. Did he get *so inspired and star-struck* by my charm that he started to cyber-stalk me? **Your phone number is literally linked to your Instagram account**

"He's handsome!" Eddie joked ?? as he laughed and handed me back my phone after it made its way around the table. Everybody laughed, especially Bill and Stan. I couldn't help but to snicker.

"*Devilishly handsome*, babe," I teased back. "I wonder who he owes inspiration to for his hair and style."

"Well, if you guys are *actually* twins, then that means he straightens his hair," Bev pointed out. "Because 9 times out of 10, if you guys are identical, then both of your hair would be curly. Or am I completely wrong?"

We all pondered this, nodding in agreement with Bev--because even though we didn't know the science behind things like that, it made good enough and perfect sense to us. "I'm going to see if I can find out what high school they go to," I added. "Or at least find out some places that him and his friends hang out? So we can all meld together and become this big, happy family."

"Or you could totally just text him and ask," Stan said flatly. I snickered.

Richie he??? He. Makes no sense to me. So he literally just joked around and said 'har har he's stalking me because I'm so hot' but then he proposes shit like this. And like when Stan actually gives him logic and reason he's just like 'oh well ya know that's totally a good idea that I legit didn't think about haha' like it just baffles me dude

"Makes a *whole lot* more sense than what I was gonna do," I shrugged, still snickering, because sometimes I just try to make things a whole lot more convoluted than they fucking have to be. **Hey man at least you know**

"So that settles it, then!" Bill said, clapping his hands together with a smile. "We all have a cool assignment. We're gonna help Richie get to the bottom of this whole thing. If that sounds like something you guys would like to do! It can be called like *Operation: Double Trouble* or something--yeah, that's cute! Who's in?"

Everybody at the table grinned at either me or Bill, cementing the statement. Because let's be honest: if you met somebody who looks and sounds exactly like you and even kinda acts like you, and could actually be your twin... wouldn't you want to be creepy and see if it's actually true, too?

So from there, it was sealed. With the help of Mike and I together, his friends, and the Losers, we all found out (very quickly) that we *were* actually twins. But that brought up numerous different questions: What was the story behind all of this? What secrets were people hiding from us? What even caused the separation in the first place? Why? We both knew that we were adopted... but why didn't our parents tell us that we had a twin brother? Did they even know?

Well we learned the answers to all those questions, too.

EDIT: okay so i just read back over this chapter and apparently i've got a beta commentator or something

listen wheeler u can really back off w ur snarky comments okay my guy i'm HILARIOUS and my wit and humor are DEFINITELY a1

that ghostbusters collab we did was actually p lit so kudos on that and some of ur comments were nice so i can't even be mad *but stop liking all of eddie's pictures on instagram or we will scrap*. SCRAP

u like leaving cute little notes on chapters well two can play at that game. as ur writing ur next one rn just know that i'm waiting for the perfect time to strike. that there's gonna be bold font all up IN that shit

watch ur back baby boy ;-)

Notes for the Chapter:

Mike: I'm on Instagram right now. Guess whose page I'm on?

Richie: I swear to god my guy you better not like--

Mike: DOUBLE TAP!!!!

4. D&D

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Mike talk to each other again. And this time, they bring all their friends.

Notes for the Chapter:

hhh,,, this story didn't die i just,,, am impromptu writing it so i was like "hm what's gonna happen next", so i didn't upload it until i remembered what that was gonna be!

i hope you guys enjoy these dumb boys they're BOTH childish

Even though I wanted to be done with Richie (but not necessarily Stan) **what? that ain't nice** after the whole house incident, things just don't really work that way for me. My friends and I were over my house, in my room, and we were playing a game of Dungeons and Dragons. People didn't have to laugh at my jokes, but they definitely had to at least chuckle by how bad they were getting their asses whooped.

Imao my guy y'all over here playin dungeons and dragons? fuckin nerds

"*Mike!* That's no fair!" Dustin told me. "You couldn't have wiped me out like that because I had used an invincibility potion! Remember that?"

"No, because the enchantress that we ran into took away your invincibility," I said. "Remember *that?*"

Dustin grumbled, Lucas laughed and stuck his tongue out at him, and Will and Eleven giggled at the misfortune. Before either one of us debate anymore about the invincibility, Eleven tapped me on the shoulder.

"Your phone," she said, and then she pointed to my phone sitting on

the ground beside me. It was ringing.

I looked to see who it is, and--what do you know--it was Richie, ;-)
and he was... FaceTiming me? Why?

"Richie?" Eleven asked, and the guys looked at me as well for answers. I shook my head and sighed, giving them my "let me just show you guys" face, and answered the call.

"Hey, Mike!" he yelled, and Stan was there, too... *and five other people.*

"*Holy shit,*" Lucas said.

"He looks exactly like you," Will said, frowning and grabbing onto the sleeve of my sweater. I frowned back, but into the screen.

"What do you want?" I asked. "We're in the middle of a game." **and then the don't care police came and arrested me** ͇(˘)͇

Richie smirked at this, and all of his friends other than Stan looked just as excited and shocked as all of my friends. "What game? A circle-jerk? All I see are dudes there. At least we have a gir--"

Stan rose his hand as if to hit Richie in the face, and the latter put his hands up and gave an exaggerated girly shriek. Their redheaded friend laughed, but their cute brunet friend (and Stan himself) shook their heads. **hey my guy it's comedy gold**

"We have a girl, too," I mumbled, rubbing Eleven's arm. She was looking at their only female friend, who was *also* a redhead (and also shook her head at Richie's foolishness ?). I heard her whisper one word throughout the entire call: *pretty*.

"And she's very pretty," Stan followed up (right after Eleven noted it about their friend), which made Eleven blush. "But we didn't call to get you guys wrapped up in Richie's stupidity. We called to ask you guys were you all free, which you're not apparently. We can always try for later--"

"No, it's fine," I said, because I was a lot more eager to do things for Stan than I was for Richie. "What is it?" **so u have a crush on stan is what ur tellin me**

"Well, uh. I know you and Rich were wanting to play investigator or whatever. And we were willing to help you guys. I didn't think that me and Rich would be able to do it alone, so we called for back-up." He gave one chuckle and that was it, which made me and Lucas laugh full-on (and Stan blush again). "We've got a lot of smart people in our group. And I'm sure your friends are super smart, too. So 12 people instead of 3 sound a whole lot better for this."

"You're right," I said, nodding my head, and Stan gave me a half-smile.

oh yeah that's right i forgot STAN has a crush on YOU he'll deny it if u ask but it came from the horses' mouth my man

"I guess I should... introduce you all to everybody." I started with Dustin, and made my way around until I pointed to Will on the other side of me. "this is Dustin, Lucas, Eleven, and Will."

"*Eleven?*" Their lady friend asked. "That's badass!" **tbh bev is right**

Eleven looked at me with wide eyes. Then she smiled. I beamed at her right back.

"Well, you guys already know me and Rich," Stan said, his half-smile still on his face. "So I'll skip--"

--The two best people in the group," Richie interjected. Everybody laughed and tried to smack him, but to no avail.

Stan gave another lone chuckle. "He's right." ;-) He started with their friend right next to him that was rubbing his shoulder.

"This is Mike." Another chuckle--from Stan and The Other Mike. "Huh. Double Mike. Anyway," then he pointed to their lady friend, who beamed. "This is Beverly." Then he pointed to the male redhead: "This is Bill. He's like our leader. We love him."

"Hi!" Bill said cheerily. All of my friends waved excitedly, and Will smiled at his disposition. *Huh. Double Will.*

Then Stan pointed to one of their muscular friends (who still looked really nice). "This is Ben," and then lastly to their cute brunet friend,

who gave a sweet little smile. "And this is Eddie."

I smirked. *Hm, Eddie.* Duly noted. **n o**

"They have a black friend, too!" Lucas exclaimed suddenly. "Let's go!" **ayyyyyee!** Stan and Richie's black friend, The Other Mike, smiled, winked, and gave Lucas finger guns.

"Richie showed us a picture of you guys on Mike's Instagram," he told Lucas. "I'm glad I'm not the only brother anymore."

"Lebron was *super excited* to have that solidarity!" Richie chimed in, realizing that he had been silent for much too long, and was damn near about to explode. **@ me** He pulled The Other Mike into a hug, who just laughed and didn't try to push him off. The all had the patience of saints.

"So, Rich's parents are going to be out of town this weekend," Stan said, reeling back the conversation to where he needed it to be. "They have a bunch of family files and shit, and we were all going to see if you guys wanted to dig through those and see if we could find anything cool."

"I love digging through things that I'm not supposed to be!" I said, and I felt *really good* when all of Richie's friends laughed, Richie included, and *even Stan*. **yeah u wanna know why**

"And my parents are actually leaving this weekend, too," I said. What a coincidence. "After we dig through *those* family files, we can dig through *these* family files."

I looked at all of my friends, and they seemed just as excited for mischief as I did. Don't get me wrong, *we* loved getting into sticky situations too--just not ones that could land us in a jail cell. **ig u could technically get arrested for this one too** And this could get us one step closer to getting at least some insight on what the hell was going on.

"Great!" Richie said, putting his arm around the cute brunet and I winced. That must be his boyfriend. Ah... you can't win 'em all. **how u gonna like my best friend and my bf ??? trifling**

"Well in since Stan and I know where you lizzity-live, we'll just come over and bring our frizzity-friends."

"Don't say that again," the cute brunet, Eddie his name was, said to Richie... and all of our friends laughed again.

"Okay, so that was *way* cooler than a D&D game," Dustin said almost as soon as I hung up the phone. **no offense but *anything's* cooler than a d&d game** We were all sitting cross-legged on my floor, the game board still sitting on my table, the game half-way finished. "When you said that he looked exactly like you, I mean... I guess I didn't believe it. So I was like, holy shit."

"I'm just lit that they have a black friend," Lucas chimed in. "And they all seem pretty cool. Anybody jealous that they have more people in their friend group, though?"

"They don't have that many more," Will added. "I mean, not really. We have five. They have... six?"

"Seven," I corrected. Then I thought about it. "Well, yeah. You're right. Six, not counting Richie. But seven, counting him. I wish we *didn't* have to count him." **again. @ me**

"He seems really cool, though," Will said, smiling. "He's really funny."

And with this... I felt this weird type of jealousy go up and down my spine. Will was smiling and blushing talking about Richie and Lucas and Dustin were laughing and agreeing with him. They thought *he* was funny? So *I* wasn't? And Will...? Man, screw them. Even though I didn't mean it, I meant it internally at that moment.

Imao yo they don't laugh at one joke and ur ready to jump off the ledge?

"Do you think he's cute?" I blurted out, **uh yeah** looking directly at Will. His eyes widened and he blushed. Lucas and Dustin looked at me, amused, and Eleven snickered.

"I mean, *yeah*, but--I think you're cute too, Mike. But, like... that's

because you guys look the same and... uh, nevermind."

"Even though we look the same, you still like him more than me," I joked. Will's eyebrows furrowed.

"Well you were looking at his friend the whole damn time," **(covers my mcfuckin mouth)** he said with way more bite than I (and he, it looked like) was expecting. All of our eyes widened, and I blinked.

"Sorry," he mumbled, his eyes downcast to the floor wildly. "Let's change the subject."

if i'm annoying then ur ditzzy my dude bc obvi that kid is shooting mike rays out of his fuckin ass at this point

"Well... I'm glad they said something about looking through files," I started. "Because I got curious and looked through some family photos yesterday. In my parent's closet. And like... look at this."

I pulled out the photo, the one that I didn't bring up during the FaceTime call because of nerves, but the one that I would definitely show once all of us were at Richie's that weekend. It was a baby picture of me--well, not really a baby picture, per se; more like a toddler me--and I was smiling and posing. I looked around 2--maybe 2-and-a-half. I don't even remember the set up of the picture; I must've been too young. We had moved many times since I was that young, so no bother. That's not even what bothered me.

"*Holy shit,*" Lucas said again, and Dustin, Will--and even Eleven gasped.

What bothered me was that I wasn't the only little boy in that picture.

There was another little boy with me. We were linking arms. He was smiling, too; posing in the same pose. He had the same smile, the same eyes, the same dark hair, even though his curled more ever so lightly. It looked like my parents took me and mirror-flipped me so my reflection would be in the picture, too. I wasn't dumb. I knew it was him.

It was Richie.

EDIT: *Speaking* of Richie, I wanted to let you know, that:

- 1.) your margin notes are *not* funny. At least mine were tasteful
- 2.) Do NOT lie on Stan like that
- 3.) I can't confirm nor deny your statement about Will because I'm not going to *just walk up to him and ask*.
- 4.) D&D is the shit, I'm not ditzy and we're *not* nerds
- 5.) What you and Beverly said about Eleven really made her happy and she told me to tell you guys thanks

Notes for the Chapter:

Richie: tell lil mama we said "no problem"!